

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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OCTOBER, 1903  
VOLUME XXIII.  
NUMBER 2



# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIII., No. 2

OCTOBER, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE boys ought not to forget that of forty-five signers of the Declaration of Independence, our School furnished five. And these five are by no means the most considerable of the immortal names. They are Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, and William Hooper. Hooper is less known in this neighborhood than the others, but he was a leader among the Whigs of North Carolina, and they made him their representative in the Continental Congress.

Some enthusiasts would tell us that anybody who knew what the old writing masters used to call the Boston style of writing, could pick out the Latin School boys by their hand writing on the Declaration of Independence. This is saying too much; but every one will agree that the school-house itself ought to preserve some memorials of these men who helped so loyally to make a nation. In some way or other we must have their autographs in our cabinet.

It has been suggested that these autographs would be best obtained from City Hall. There must be letters of Benjamin Franklin to the Committee of Correspondence, and Hooper would be likely to write to them, as well. Hancock, Adams, and Paine were all important servants of the town once and again, and undoubtedly their letters may be found there. Probably, indeed, the treasurer's office could exhibit the signatures of these great men as receipts when they received their *honorarium* for this or that public duty.

It would be a grateful thing for the City Government to keep in our collection such memorials of such men. It is hardly too much to say that we taught them how to write. It is certain that as they read with us their Cicero, their Demosthenes, and their New Testament, they were preparing themselves directly for the duties which they fulfilled so well.

## CAMP-FIRE MEMORIES

A TENT perched on a cliff and standing out white against the dark background of firs a few rods below, the waves breaking on the rocks in long, even swells; islands in the distance, and above all, the clear blue of a summer sky.

Such a picture may well awaken many memories in the minds of old-time campers;

memories of other days, free from care, full of joy; memories of fishing, boating, or tramping trips; memories of summer nights spent in the open tent with the fire burning low outside.

These and many more do I recall, but as I write, one stands out more clearly and strongly than the others. It is the picture of a little group of friends seated before the tent around



the blazing camp-fire. As the blaze flares up, it lights up the faces, and the interior of the tent. Just over the cliff the waves come rolling in. Their constant toil has worn deep fissures in the stern gray rocks. We can hear the water as it fills all the little cavities and flows out again, only to renew its ceaseless effort to cross the "bound it may not pass over." The lights from a distant steamer are gleaming and dancing along the dark waves.

One of the party is reading, for we used often to read aloud, those summer evenings, when we were all together again after the varied occupations of the day. Van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck" and Longfellow's Works were our favorites.

This evening the reader sees this passage in "Longfellow:"

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak with  
each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the  
darkness ;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one  
another,  
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again  
and a silence."

Thankfulness, with an undertone of sadness, fills our hearts, thankfulness that the currents of this life have brought us together and sadness at the thought that we may not meet again in this world.

The fire burns low. It is too dark to read. We can scarcely see one another ; yet as I look around the little circle I can see that the faces are graver than usual, but beautiful as the faces of those who know a deeper fellowship with one another and with the Giver of every good gift.

It is strange how a little fire warms one's heart and how it melts the barriers between us. Confidences are exchanged and hearts are opened to one another as they are nowhere else. There is a fellowship which comes while seated around the same fire that is peculiar, strange, and wonderful. Perhaps it is because the thoughts of all centre upon the same objects and intermingle by some marvellous law.

The talk naturally turns on serious subjects. Friendship is a favorite topic and indeed it is a most natural one. One can not help thinking of God's wonderful providence in bringing those together who had never before thought of one another, and in binding them so closely that they may never forget each other.

Our hearts are too full for utterance, and we sit around our friendship-fire watching the slowly dying embers. Who knows what the others see in those changing, flickering flames ?

At last the fire is out. With thankful hearts we bid one another good-night, and the whispering trees and murmuring waves soothe us to sleep.

V. T. W., '04.

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## ALONE IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT

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Turns the golden west to crimson and pink ;  
The sun disappears in a purple mist ;  
The brightness of day is o'erwhelmed by the  
night.

A pair of crows fly to their nest,

A whippoorwill calls to his mate,

A whistling boy drives home the cows ;

I'm alone in the woods at night.

The moon mounts slowly over the wood ;  
The pine trees sift on my bed of boughs  
A delicate rain of silvery light.

A wind of wings above my head,

A whispering of the ancient pines

As they softly tell the wise old owl,

"He's alone in the woods at night !"

Then the pine trees tell him of times gone by ;  
They say that this breadth of pasture land  
Was covered with trees of towering height.

Beneath the unrelenting axe

They helpless fell before coward man,

And they said to each other with groans  
and nods,

“ He’s alone in the woods at night.”

I slept on my bed of boughs till morn ;

I waked at the clamor of jays overhead ;

The great sun rose in all his might.

A pair of crows flew from their nest,

The whistling boy drove back his cows ;

I felt nearer nature for having been

Alone in the woods at night.

G. E.

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J E A N S T. D U B R A C

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**D**O I believe in ghosts ? Well I will tell you a story and you may judge for yourself. A good many years ago, an uncle, whom I had never known personally, died, and left me his estate in France. I went over immediately and took possession of it. Pierre, the care-taker whom uncle had employed, lived near-by in the village. I at once re-engaged him and took up my residence at the old, château pending the disposal of the property. I learned from Pierre that one room was supposed to be haunted. This was formerly the “salle à manger” but had not been unlocked since the Revolution in 1789. Rumor had it that M. Jean St. Dubrac, the former owner of the château, had been murdered by some peasants who had seized it at that time. Pierre had pointed out this man’s portrait in the lower hall, saying, “This is the picture of Jean St. Dubrac, whose pale ghost haunts the locked room.” I laughed at the idea ; boasted that no ghost could scare me out of a night’s rest, and swore that I would sleep in the haunted room that very night. Pierre refused to stay if that room was to be occupied, so I was left alone in the château.

When Pierre had gone, I got uncle’s bunch of keys and with some difficulty found the right one and swung back the ponderous door. The room was dark, as there were heavy curtains over all the windows. I lighted several

candles and proceeded to examine the room. The floor was covered with a thick coating of dust, and all around the wall were great black-oak panels, from the corners of which hung numberless cobwebs. Taken all together the room looked very “spooky.” I opened a window and flung back the heavy shutter to admit the air. By this time it was dark, so I dragged in a mattress and took down from the wall one of the old two-handed swords which formed the centre-piece of the mural decoration. I laid this by the side of my bed, thinking that it would be a very successful ghost indeed that could survive a blow with such a weapon. Then putting out the candles I lay down and was soon asleep.

\* \* \* \*

I awoke with a start ; my hair was pricking my head like needles and I was all “goose-flesh.” Then I heard a terrific crash, which seemed to be inside the room, and a long rumble which started far away and grew louder and louder as it came nearer. This happened several times before I realized that a thunder-storm was in progress. I smiled at my fears and was soon dropping off to sleep again when I heard a slight grating noise on the opposite side of the room. I turned my head and all my fear came back as I discerned a faint white blotch outlined against the black panelling on the wall. I stretched out my hand and grasped the huge sword firmly. The white object

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advanced and grew larger and more distinct. As it came nearer it took on the form of a human being covered with a shroud. My teeth were chattering with fear, and my very vitals seemed to shrink, leaving in their place a horrible, aching void; but I thought of my boast and leaped up sword in hand. The apparition advanced toward me with no perceptible steps. When it was within a few feet I struck at it with the sword. The weapon met no resistance in passing through the ghost and the force of the blow nearly upset me. As I raised the sword for a second blow I saw to my horror that fully two-thirds of the blade were gone, melted off as if it had been thrust into a red-hot furnace. Then the figure raised its arm, disclosing its face. I saw a thin, pale countenance with a short beard, the exact likeness of the portrait of Jean St. Dubrac which Pierre had shown me on the dusty canvas in the lower hall. Then the spectre struck me on the shoulder with its open palm. All the blood in my body seemed to rush to my head and to consume my brain with its intense heat as the hand struck me. I reeled and fell unconscious.

When I regained my senses, the light streaming in through the open window told me that it was day. I was lying on the floor a short distance from the bed; near me was the sword-hilt, a portion of the blade, and a hardened pool of metal on the floor which showed where the melted blade had fallen. The clothing was burned from my left shoulder, and there, on the skin, where the spectre had

touched me was a red blotch with five livid marks radiating from it, the exact imprint of a human hand.

I was determined to find the cause of all these strange occurrences and went all around the room sounding the floor and panels. One of these seemed to ring hollow, and I ran my fingers over the carving, pressing every protuberance in search of a hidden spring. At last one of the projections moved under my touch, and the panel swung open like a door, disclosing a flight of stone steps. I ascended these and found myself in a small room containing a table and a chair. On the floor near the table lay a mouldering skeleton, covered with some shreds of clothing. By its side was a broken rapier. This was evidently the skeleton of Jean St. Dubrac who had crawled into the secret room to die after he had been wounded in a fight with the peasants.

I left the place precipitately; made arrangements to give the skeleton a Christian burial, dismissed Pierre, and closed up the château. I sold the estate at the earliest opportunity and have never visited it since. Some, to whom I have told this story, explain very lucidly that I was struck by lightning which the sword point attracted. The burn on my arm, they say, was where the lightning struck after leaving the sword-point. However that may be, I have the hand-print on my shoulder yet, and as long as it remains I think I shall believe that it was Jean St. Dubrac and not lightning that gave it to me.

L. C. C., '05.

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*Le soif de commander avec son joug étroit pouvait s'accomoder.*

The commander's thirst could be satisfied with his small jug.

*Loin du monde élevé!*

Far from the elevated.

*Pétrissait la pâte.*

He needed the "dough."

*Eclairer au pétrole.*

Cleared of the patrol.

*Paladines avait été destitué à la suite d'Orléans.*

Paladines had been stripped of Orleans' suit.

*Alitum pecudum.*

Winged flocks.



## MEDITATIONS IN A MAINE FARMYARD

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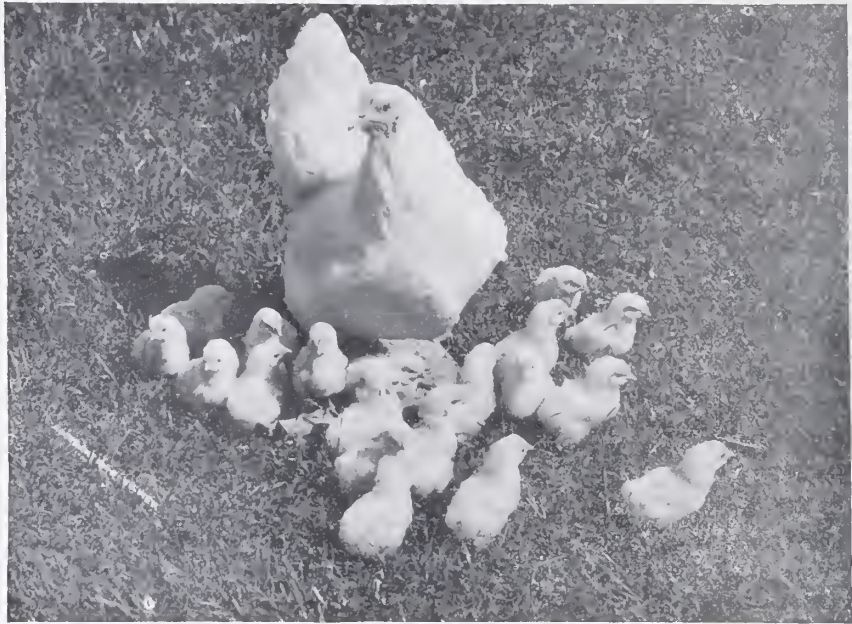
THIS is certainly a beautiful country with its alternating meadow, pasture-land, and wood. One could scarcely find a more restful place, and on this particular day, comfortably seated in an old swing-chair, surrounded by the promiscuous articles of a typical Maine farmyard, I feel in perfect harmony with the world. A cool breeze is blowing from over the hills, and brings the scent of new-mown hay from acres and acres of broad grass-land. Perhaps this feeling of contentment comes from seeing everything else so contented; there are chickens, hens, and roosters stalking contentedly about; a family of little ducks are waddling to and fro; the horses munch hay quietly in their stalls. Now and then, even the mules voice their satisfaction vociferously. The pigs grunt; I suppose in expression of their perfect happiness. The cats and dogs live together in peace; the pigeons willingly share the barn-loft with the barn-swallows which fly in and out through the broken window. Down by the brook, that familiar scene of so many paintings is repeated—of cows lazily chewing their cud beneath the shade of the brook-alders. Even the bees are contented, and remain quietly in their hives. In fact, the whole barn-yard has an air of completeness—nothing lacking, and nothing present which does not give its part to make up the whole.

As I write, the mistress of the happy family comes out of her dairy, a huge straw-hat spreading its grateful shade far down upon her red gingham dress. She heaves a faint sigh of relief at having finished the greatest of her daily tasks. Probably seeing on my face a little of the content reflected from my surroundings, she comes over and sits down near me—Yes, she guessed she was pretty well satisfied with her live stock; she didn't just like to have

them Plymouth Rocks mixed in with the Rhode Island Reds, but she reckoned she'd let 'em be a little while longer—and I was glad she didn't intend to break up the content of her farm-yard.

Just then a large-sized cat dove behind the dairy steps; "A rat prob'ly," she remarked casually; then after a silence: "We don't hev many rats up here. Down to Simpson's the rats'll eat up full-growed chickens; why, one time Al Simpson told my husband as how the rats eat up every bit o' his harness in one night!" I remained discreetly silent. "Rats is knowin' critters just the same," she continued with emphasis. "One time a rat got into our henhouse; that was 'long about three years back; an' I set a steel trap by the door, an' put a cloth over it, an' put some punkin' seeds on the cloth. Well, do ye know, that rat wouldn't go *near* 'em. Pretty soon, Lucy, thet's the yellor cat, the one with the short tail over there on the tub, she an' Sam, the one that dove behind the steps, they caught that rat, an' we aint been bothered since." Another short silence followed, during which I gazed thoughtfully at the cats in question. At length she asked, "'D' y' ever hear tell o' rats tyin' their young un's hind legs so's they couldn't run off?" I replied in the negative. "Well, I have, an' I didn't believe it until last year they wuz movin' the ole barn, an' underneath they found a rat's nest, and the hind legs of all the little rats wuz tied around with grass. I seen 'em myself." Here indeed was an interesting bit of Natural History, and I tried to learn a little more about the subject; but she knew no more. She thought perhaps Al Simpson did, though; he lived "down in the white house with the cupulo on the barn."

Just then the kitchen clock struck, and I remarked that my watch was out of order.



A CONTENTED FAMILY.

With an air which savored just a little of superiority my hostess said, "Well, that clock as just struck has been runnin' fer nigh on to eighteen years without a bit o' trouble. Every once in a while I take it all apart, and get a toothpick, and some machine oil, and go at it. But I better go in an' set them potatoes to boilin' " And she left. "Another example of perfect contentment," I thought. She has all she likes to do, and, moreover, likes all she has to do. She sells milk to the village folk ; takes in a stray boarder now and then, and so makes more money than she would spend even if wildly extravagant. Indeed, it is difficult for this descendant of the Puritan housewife to be extravagant ; for when she has everything she wants what more can money give her ? And besides all this, her husband is a thrifty farmer who works hard in his fields all day,

and enjoys his evenings and Sundays at home, happy in the realization that he owes no man, and that he owns these broad and fertile acres, and a score of excellent cattle. Why are they not at the height of human happiness ? They are well — rich — honest — happy ; they have seen their children and children's children in happiness about them. I think they *are* at the height of *their* happiness. You or I might not be happy under those conditions ; but we must look a long while before we find equally favoring conditions. But there is the "dressing bell." I am not expected to "dress-up" much more than I am at present, happily ; but somehow, from the far away realms of conventionality has come the knowledge to these simple country folk that in "boarding-houses" they ring "dressing-bells;" so for the sake of appearance at least, I must go in and brush my hair.

G. E.

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CLASS ELECTIONS, 1904

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**E**XHIBITION Hall was not in order in time to hold class meetings there, so all the balloting was carried on in the class rooms. The first ballot for president failed to elect. On the following day another ballot was taken, which succeeded in determining the election:—Moir, 1; Norton, 24; Emerson, 35.

Breen was elected secretary by a large majority. In consultation with the Head Master, it was decided to elect committees by the "Australian" ballot system. Mr. Norton very kindly consented to make a copy of the list of candidates for each member of the class. The list of candidates for each committee, having been handed to Breen, was printed with the heading:— "Candidates for the \_\_\_\_\_ Committee; vote for five," and a square for a cross followed each name. This was very simple, and did away with all chance of error. A board of five counted the votes, obtaining the following results:—

Dance Committee—Stewart, 42; Norton, 38; Temple, 34; McShane, 31; Hutchinson, 30.

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AUTUMN FIELDS.

Flooded are the fields with moonlight;  
Brown and sear they lie beneath it,  
Drear and desolate and lonely,  
Vested in the moon's sad pallor;  
Chill the night air sweeps across them;  
Mournful creak the naked branches;  
Rustle, mournful, all the dead leaves;  
In the grasses hushed winds whisper,  
"Autumn! Autumn! Sad old Autumn!"  
R. T. P. '05.

Teacher:—"What does *magister* mean?"

Pupil: (passionately)—"Ruthless tyrant!"

*Un plomb vil.* (Translation unnecessary).

Pin Committee—Reddy, 36; J. P. O'Hare, 34; Moir, 33; Coolidge, 30; Corson, 29; English, 29\*.

Photograph Committee—Faherty, 23; Fitzpatrick, 20; Ramsey, 19; Fisher, 17; W. J. O'Hare, 17.

The committees elected their chairmen this year, instead of having for chairman the one who received the highest number of votes. The result, however, was the same in each committee.

The committees have entered upon their duties, and arrangements have been made for the class pins, and the first dance which is to come on Washington's birthday. The Pin Committee found some difficulty in reaching a decision. The desire was to have a pin which was unlike others, and at the same time attractive. The pin which has been finally decided upon is beautiful in design and workmanship.

\* In the Pin Committee, Corson and English each received twenty-nine votes, but by mutual consent it was left to chance, and Corson won the decision.

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L. W. Du Flon, ex-'05, entered E. H. S. this year.

H. W. Gammans, '05, has been ill this summer.

O'er all the land a threat of winter comes;  
Chill breezes whirl the leaves from vale to vale;  
The squirrels hide away their winter store;  
On barren oak the blue jays clamor rings;  
Beneath the hunter's moon the brown fields sleep.

Enjoying fireside warmth, the farmer old  
Relates his oft-told tale 'mid homely cheer.

G. E.

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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THERE is probably no country on earth which does not boast of some "great men." However small it may be, there has been some man who has risen to a loftier eminence than his fellows through superior genius, or perhaps, a superior capacity for work, which often amounts to the same thing. Our country has been no exception to this rule; the list of Americans who could be proven "great" is almost limitless. But it is the beginning of a task which is usually the most difficult part; and so those men who helped our struggling government to its very being, and, laying aside all personal interests, gave their lives to their country's interests stand first in the ranks of our famous men. When George Washington was a boy, there were thousands of other boys of his age, many of whom doubtless were as ambitious and as full of energy. But now the name of Washington is a synonym for truth and bravery; his story is known in every land, and his birthday is a legal holiday on which his country gives thanks for his life. But where are the thousands of boys who were Washington's contemporaries? We know of few of them—and none so great as he. Who thought when Benjamin Franklin was working at

his humble printing-press, that he would one day be as famous a statesman as his country ever had?

Thus we see that some men rise above others; it is a combination of circumstances coupled with their energy and faithfulness. It takes character to do one's work faithfully and to the best of one's ability.

The Latin School is famous throughout the country, and the world, far more than we are accustomed to realize. The spirit of loyalty to the cause of liberty was firmly embedded in the hearts of the Latin School boys in that time to which we have referred, when the country was first attempting to become independent; that great work, the Declaration of Independence, was signed by five Latin School boys. Benjamin Franklin was one of the five who made the draft of the Declaration. There is no need to tell the Latin School boy that he was born in Boston in 1706; there is no need to tell when he went to France, what he did there, or to speak of his "majestic diplomacy;" but there *is* need, in the modern times of varied interests and a superabundance of amusements and occupations, to remind him of the good old way of "doing things" which



Franklin knew; modern times have done away with the old wooden benches, cut and battered; advance in civilization has abolished the "rod in pickle;" but the pride in their school which the boys of that time had, and showed in after life, need not be lost sight of, nor the honesty and loyalty which characterized the men who fought at Concord and Bunker Hill.



Every season of the year has its own characteristic charms. It has often seemed to us that the season at hand was the best; and indeed none has ever seemed more beautiful than this Autumn. The leaves turned at an unusually early date this year, probably on account of the severe frost last spring; the foliage has been as finely colored as ever, and the interest out of doors has seemed greater than ever. It may be that as one grows older the same places open their secrets more fully; at any rate, never have the woods and fields seemed more beautiful; the bare branches of the trees creaking in the October wind; the brown fields with the dead stalks of summer flowers; the yellow pumpkins scattered through the field where the corn waved green and graceful two months ago; the bluebird sitting motionless on a fence-post giving his sad, sweet "autumn call"; all these things as we wander through the country in the clear, bracing air, make the Fall a season distinct from the others. They remind us that Winter will soon be upon us with its snow and hail and cold winds; they suggest the blazing fireside and the Thanksgiving dinners we know so well; they speak of skating and sleighing to come. Yes, perhaps these are the saddest days of the year, when all the green foliage is dying, the flowers fading, and most of the birds leaving us; yet we advise every one to go out and see for himself, and we think he will find that there is a subtle charm about Autumn which makes it a season fully as attractive and helpful as any other.

Is the Latin School a difficult School? We have heard this question asked many times, and after giving it some thought we answer "No;" but we find it necessary to make this reply a conditional one. If a boy begins to study when he first enters the school and learns his lessons faithfully each day, he will find no great difficulty in passing steadily upward from class to class until his graduation. But many boys are not suited for classical education; and many boys do not study their lessons faithfully every day; indeed the figures seem to show that the boy who passes steadily up to his graduation from his entrance year is a great exception. In the sixth class of 1897 there were about eighty members. Of these two were graduated in 1903. In the sixth class of 1898 there were seventy-six members; of these nine are in the present Senior class, a total of about seven per cent.

The point might be made that it would be hard to find boys who would work regularly and faithfully each day at an age as young as that at which most boys enter the sixth class; in that case we should answer that the Boston Latin School was a difficult one; for the figures quoted prove that only faithful work can accomplish the desired results.



During the visit of the London Honourables to Boston, a matter arose which seems worthy of careful attention. Our instructor in drill mentioned his experience at their first parade. He said he "felt like a nickel" when Lord Denbeigh and his company showed such respect to our flag, and scarcely an American uncovered to their colors. There are a few courtesies which should come under the head of *duties*. If this country were threatened with destruction; if an alliance of the great Powers threatened the overthrow of our Government, there would be an eagerness to defend his country in arms on the part of every citizen. Yet in time of peace how little this loyalty seems to show itself. There should be no need to remind an



American man or boy to respect the flag which means so much ; more indeed than we can realize who have seen but one of the wars which have tested its power and justice. It may be through ignorance that scarcely one man in a hundred uncovers when his country's flag passes by. In that case let no Latin School boy be ignorant of the fact that he should take off his hat *whenever* the stars and stripes pass by in any procession ; and we should be very careful to return any courtesy paid our colors by a man of another country.



We have decided not to have an "Exchange Column." Our list of regular exchanges comprises more than a hundred of the best school papers from all over the country, and some from beyond our borders. We receive papers from China which are decidedly interesting to us, and the perusal of the various departments in so large a number of papers, carried on along lines parallel to those on which we are working, is most helpful. We believe, however, that our readers in general are not interested in comments and criticisms of papers which they have never seen, and we understand the benefit derived from criticism of defects is the principal advantage urged by the defenders of the "Exchange Column." We should be glad to communicate privately with the editors of any paper on this subject, but shall adhere to the custom of recent years and omit this department.



On page 14 of the September REGISTER we printed a picture of Sever Hall, Cambridge, where we took our preliminary examinations for Harvard. Under the picture were the words "Another Waterloo." We have received

inquiries from some of the boys in this school as to the significance of these words. They seemed to think that we intended to imply that Sever Hall was the scene of *our* Waterloo. Not at all ; we represented the British and we printed the photograph in a spirit of rejoicing, as the place where we met the studies with which we had been struggling for so many years and conquered them!



The Reporters have been appointed from the respective class-rooms. We desire to have them fully understand their duties. They are authorized to receive subscriptions for the paper and are expected to hand in regular reports of matters of interest to the school which have come to their notice. Those who have in mind ultimately becoming members of the Staff are expected to contribute original pieces to the REGISTER. The present list of appointments, subject to change, is as follows :

Room 1, G. L. Richardson.  
Room 2, R. S. Dowst.  
Room 3, J. A. Cummings.  
Room 4, D. I. Patch.  
Room 5, L. C. Corbett.  
Room 6, A. F. Jackson.  
Room 7, J. I. H. Downes.  
Room 8, C. A. Fisk.  
Room 9, N. Baldwin.  
Room 11, C. H. Bradley, Jr.  
Room 12, F. Packard.  
Room 14, O. F. Howard.  
Room 15, R. T. Pearl.  
Room 16, A. F. Washburn.  
Room 17, W. F. Temple, Jr.  
Room 18, V. T. Witter.  
Room 24, G. C. Codie.

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*Tout le monde.*  
Every Monday.

*Experimentum in corpore vili.*  
Try it on the dog.

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# Latin School Register 13

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## H O M E

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Says the fisherman's lad, "The sea is best,  
The sea is the place for me,  
With its dark blue depths and its foaming crest;  
The sea is the place to be."

Says the city lad, "The town is best,  
For the town I give my plea,  
'Tis of all good deeds the worthy nest,  
The town is the place to be."

Says the farmer's lad, "The country's best,  
With its broad and open lea,  
Its ripening fruits by God are blest,  
The country's the place to be."

But *all* say this, "'Tis home that's best,  
By town, or field, or sea,  
North, or South, or East, or West,  
Oh, Home is the place to be."

W. F. T., '04.

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## G O L F

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The Golf Team is making good progress under E. G. White as captain. There are fine prospects for a good team this year. The candidates so far have been: Atwater, Adams, Abbott, Freeman, Paul, House, Faunce, and White. The following compose the team and in the order in which they play: Freeman, Adams, Atwater, Abbott, and White. Faunce is first substitute. Already three games in the league have been played and we have beaten English High, and Middlesex, 5-0, and were beaten by Brown & Nichols, 3-2. The following games remain to be played:

Oct. 24. Newton High at Newton Centre Club.

Oct. 31. Stones School at Merrymount.  
Nov. 7. Roxbury High at Kennelworth.

E. G. White has been elected for the second time secretary of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association.

The members of the Athletic Advisory Committee have been chosen. Norton has been elected by the graduating class, and Westfall from Class II. On the first ballot in Class II. E. G. White received the honor of an almost unanimous election, receiving seventy-one out of seventy-three votes; but he loses that position through his advancement to the graduating class.

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## T E N N I S

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The finals and challenge match of the spring Tennis Tournament have at last been completed. The results are as follows:

	Finals	Winner
	Westfall	
Marks	{ 6-4, 8-6, 2-6	
Westfall	{ 6-4	{ N. Niles
		{ 6 0, 6-1, 6-2
	N. Niles	
	Defender	

The Fall Tennis Tournament has not yet been completed, owing to the bad weather which has prevailed.

L. C. W., '06.

*Ariete soliti patres considere.*

The fathers were accustomed to sit on a battering-ram.

*L'armoire de chêne.*

The dog house.

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F      O      O      T      B      A      L      L

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B. L. S., 5      MECHANIC ARTS, 0.

The team won its first victory of the season October 6, at Charles River Park over Mechanic Arts High. The first half was stubbornly contested, and ended with Latin School having the ball on Mechanic's two-yard line, M. A. H. S. having held on the try for a touchdown. In the second half M. A. H. S. ran in the kick-off to the forty-five yard line getting by everyone but Loughlin, who made a fine tackle. Mechanic Arts soon punted, and B. L. S. went steadily down the field without losing the ball, Some being pushed over for a touchdown between the posts. We were not allowed to try for a goal since two men handled the ball after the touchdown. Loughlin kicked off again, and the half ended with M. A. H. S. having the ball in the middle of the field, after they had made substantial gains. For us, Murray, Loughlin, Some, and Edwards played well, while Carns, Macksay, and Coupaul excelled for M. A. H. S. Murray and Loughlin several times made telling tackles. There were quite a number of Latin School fellows present, but there was no organized cheering. Following is the lineup :

B. L. S.	M. A. H. S.
Estabrook re .....	le Booth (Decker)
Weber (Fotch) rt .....	lt Smith
FitzGerald rg .....	lg Sullivan
Fitzpatrick c .....	c Ross
Ramsey (Woods) lg .....	rg Foul
Edwards (Callahan) lt .....	rt Seaholm
McLaughlin (Edwards) le .....	re Anderson
Loughlin qb .....	qb Coupaul
Murray (Freeman) rhb .....	lhb Lotterhand
Callahan (Paul Edwards) lhb .....	rhbMacksay
Somes fb .....	fb (Leighton) Carns

Score; B. L. S. 5. Touchdown : Some, Linesmen : Corbett and Stressinger. Time-keeper : Witherby. Umpire : Dr. Maguire. Referee : Hinkley.

S. H. S., 7.

B. L. S., 0.

The team met defeat at Salem on Saturday, October 17; but they put up a good fight against odds which were hopelessly against them. The Salem team outweighed our team nearly fifty pounds to a man, in the line, and our team may well be proud that a much larger score was not made. In our opinion Salem will easily win the championship in their league again this year. Our team has not had such good fortune this year as last, but that could not well be, for there have been few if any teams to equal that one in the state schools. We have a light team, but with the support of the school at the league games we ought to win the championship. The line-up :

## SALEM HIGH.      BOSTON LATIN.

Poor le .....	re Edwards (Kelly)
Chandler lt .....	rt Weber (Fotch)
Vaughn lg .....	rg Ramsey
J. Wilson c .....	c Fitzpatrick
James rg .....	lg FitzGerald
Conklin rt .....	lt Callahan
Welch (Clark) re .....	le McLaughlin
Wilson qb .....	qb Loughlin
Hurley rhb .....	lhb Freeman
Casey lhb .....	rhb Murray
Gibson (Crane) fb .....	fb Some

Score—Salem High 7, Boston Latin 0. Touchdown—Casey. Safety—Murray. Referee and umpire—Dr. Maguire of Boston Latin, McGlew of Tufts. Linesmen—Estabrook of Boston Latin, Sullivan of Salem. Timers—Whitcher of Salem, Moffett of Boston Latin. Time—Two 15-minute periods.



Littlefield, who is coaching the line-men of M. A. H. S., was seen in school the other day.

O'Donnell, tackle on last year's championship team, is playing on the Holy Cross eleven.

GROTON, 6. B. L. S., 0.

On Wednesday, September 30 we played Groton at Groton. The day was ideal for the game, and the trip was a memorable one. Leaving Boston at 11.30, we enjoyed the ride through the country, and arriving at Ayer, we were met by a barge drawn by four horses, and after a brisk ride came to Groton. The land is very fertile in appearance, and the apple crops seemed very good. As we remarked this, an old farmer drove by with a wagon load of apples, and oh! the agony of seeing them disappear in the distance!

The Groton School is, indeed, an ideal place. The buildings are of brick and stone, ranged around a broad green campus. The Gothic chapel, built of white stone is most beautiful, and it must surely be a pleasure for any boy to go there once a day. Its arrangement is on the plan of a cathedral, and the chimes in the tower give a finishing touch to the whole scene. We were welcomed by Dr. Peabody and the manager of the Groton team who led us to the gymnasium. Here the enthusiasm of the Latin School crowd showed itself. If we had a building like that we would have no trouble about physical culture. The game was a hard one.

One man, especially, Ogilby, the left tackle, was a large man, and seemed to weigh nearly two hundred, though we were assured he was below the required one hundred and sixty. He was in nearly every play, and Edwards could make no impression on him. He is a teacher at Groton. If we had a few teachers on our team we might have a better chance against such men.

Loughlin caught the kick off, and had a good start, but he stumbled and dropped the ball. This unfortunate accident cost us the game, for their great backs broke our defense. On the half-yard line, Latin School put up a beautiful defense, but Ladd went around the end for a touch-down, Derby kicked the goal. The first

half lasted fifteen minutes. In the second half, we proved that we could hold them. They had no second chance to score.

From this game we may draw very favorable conclusions. Last year's team won the championship without losing a game; but they were a veteran team. Last year with such men as Witherby, Littlefield, Hanley, and O'Donnell, the Groton score was 0-0. With a green team, Captain Edwards succeeded in keeping the score down to 6-0, and that touchdown through a fumble. We should be very proud of this result. Until the team rounds into shape we must support them at every game, and then we will see that pennant remain in the lower corridor during another season. After the game, we were given lunch in the main building, and the barge came rolling up and we all piled in. Another bit of courtesy was shown us as we left. All fellows, large and small, who were out on the broad campus, (and almost all the boys were there, kicking footballs, for they have seven teams at Groton, and football playing is required unless the student is physically unable) came up to the door, and they remained in a crowd, answering our cheers, until we were out of sight. The line up:—

GROTON.	BOSTON LATIN.
Hadden re .....	re Estabrook
Auchincloss rt .....	rt Callahan (Fotch)
Fish rg .....	rg FitzGerald (Woods)
Howe c .....	c Fitzpatrick
(Stillman) Boyer lg .....	lg Ramsey
Ogilby lt .....	lt Weber (Kiley)
Bacon le .....	le McLaughlin
Starr qb .....	qb Loughlin
Derby rhb .....	rhb Murray
Ladd lhb .....	lhb (Capt.) Edwards
Rose (H. Auchincloss) fb .....	fb Somes
Touchdown, Ladd; Goal from touchdown, Derby; time 15 and 10 minute halves. Umpire, Dr. Peabody; Referee, Mr. Campbell; Timer, Mr. Crocker.	

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M      I      L      I      T      A      R      Y

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ON October 5, the drilling division of the school assembled in the drill hall, and Colonel Benyon read the temporary roster. The companies were assigned to the respective captains according to size, those in A company being largest and so on. Since then, the setting-up exercises have occupied the time. The captains were chosen according to last year's rank and assigned to companies in order. The lieutenants were chosen in the same way, but assigned to companies according to their height. This later arrangement seemed necessary to Colonel Benyon, for previously some of the tallest captains had some of the shortest lieutenants. The prospects are for a very satisfactory year, and there is certain to be the keenest competition for the prizes. The Prize Drill manoeuvres are printed so that the officers and privates may have ample opportunity to learn them. The numbers following a comma indicate the paragraph in the drill manual relating to each movement.

#### I. DISCIPLINE AND APPEARANCE.

To include : —

(a) Conduct and general efficiency at drill during the school year.

*Maximum* . . . 20

(b) Efficiency of officers and non-commissioned officers at the prize drill.

*Maximum* . . . 10

(c) Set-up, general bearing, and degree of attention at the prize drill.

*Maximum* . . . 10

(d) Condition and fit of uniforms and equipment at the prize drill.

*Maximum* . . . 10

#### II. MANUAL OF ARMS.

To include : —

(a) Open ranks, (747).

*Maximum* . . . 4.0

(b) Present arms—order arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(c) Port arms—order arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(d) Right shoulder arms—present arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(e) Right shoulder arms—port arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(f) Right shoulder arms—order arms,

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(g) Right shoulder arms—left shoulder arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(h) Present arms—order arms.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(i) Parade rest—company attention.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(j) Fix bayonet—charge bayonet—order arms—unfix bayonet.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

The above programme of the manual of arms will be carried out twice in the order given ; first, by the numbers, and second, without the numbers. The first time the judges will mark on accuracy of positions, the second time on cadence and smartness.

#### III. COMPANY MANOEUVRES.

To include : —

(a) March in line thirty paces—forward, 127—backward, 129.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(b) Side step, ten paces—right—left, 38.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(c) Company in line—right face—left face, 27—about face, twice, 23.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(d) Company in line—right face, 27—march thirty paces in column of files—halt—left face.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0



# Latin School Register 17

(e) Company in line—fours right and halt, 108—forward march—to the rear, twice, 206.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

(f) Company in column of fours marching—by the right flank—by the left flank, 131.

*Maximum* . . . 2.0

(g) Company in column of fours, marching—change step [on right foot], 41.

*Maximum* . . . 1.0

(h) Company in column of fours, marching—form line and halt, to left, 207.

*Maximum* . . . 2.0

(i) Company in column of fours, marching—form line and march, to left, 207.

*Maximum* . . . 2.0

(j) Company in line—form column of fours to the front, 203—re-form line to the front from column of fours, 210.

*Maximum* . . . 2.0

(k) Company in line— platoons right, [or left] forward fours right [or left], 228— platoons column right [or left], 241—on right [or left] into line, 208.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

(l) Company in line— platoons right [or left], 221—forward march—change direction three times, 227—re-form company in line to the front from column of platoons, 236.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

(m) Company in line—fours right [or left], 196—on right [or left] into line of platoons in column of fours, 240—fours right [or left] platoons left [or right] forward fours left [or right], 242.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

(n) Company in column of fours—right oblique—forward—left oblique, 206—forward— platoons right [or left] front into line, 243—on left [or right] into line, 334.

*Maximum* . . . 4.0

(o) Company in line—fours right, 196—right by twos, 214—re-form fours, 218,—right by files, 215—re-form fours, 219.

*Maximum* . . . 3.0

(p) Company in column of fours—platoon column right, 244—fours left and halt— platoons left turn, 233—march—halt in middle of floor facing from the stage—present arms—salute judges—march off the company.

*Maximum* . . . 4.0

## TOTAL OF MAXIMUM MARKS.

I. Discipline and appearance . . .	50.00
II. Manual of arms . . .	15.00
III. Company manoeuvres . . .	35.00

Total . . . . . 100.00

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*Quartermaster*, F. H. Stewart.

#### Co. A.

*Captain*, P. P. Marion.

*Lieutenant*, G. Emerson.

*Lieutenant*, D. B. Simes.

*Sergeants*, J. J. Tobin, L. C. Corbett, T.

C. O'Brien, D. I. Patch, C. E. House.

#### Co. B.

*Captain*, E. G. White.

*Lieutenant*, W. B. Faunce.

*Lieutenant*, C. A. A. Weber.

*Sergeants*, W. L. Allen, M. J. Lane, P. P.

Kneeland, E. T. Keefe, J. J. Kennedy.

#### Co. C.

*Captain*, J. H. Hutchinson.

*Lieutenant*, C. F. Woods.

*Lieutenant*, J. H. Ramsey.

*Sergeants*, S. C. Rogers, W. C. Mahan, T. M. Logan, J. M. Doherty, M. J. Murray.

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## Co. D.

*Captain*, E. T. Witherby.

*Lieutenant*, F. E. McShane.

*Lieutenant*, H. W. Fisher.

*Sergeants*, G. F. Chandler, L. C. Westfall,  
C. E. V. Mansfield, J. I. H. Dowes, E. J.  
Murphy.

## Co. E.

*Captain*, W. H. Ringer.

*Lieutenant*, F. X. A. Readdy.

*Lieutenant*, W. V. Ellis.

*Sergeants*, P. M. Cowan, L. H. Bauer,  
H. F. Leslie, J. P. Donovan, E. V. Hickey.

## SECOND BATTALION.

## Co. F.

*Captain*, W. F. Temple, Jr.

*Lieutenant*, J. B. Coolidge.

*Lieutenant*, H. I. Sullivan.

*Sergeants*, R. K. Abbott, B. W. Sawyer,  
D. J. Walsh, J. E. Mahoney, R. J. Dobbyn.

## Co. G.

*Captain*, J. A. Hayes.

*Lieutenant*, J. P. O'Hare.

*Lieutenant*, J. A. Breen.

*Sergeants*, F. J. Connell, W. A. Fotch, E.  
B. Smith, C. Browne, W. V. Collins.

## Co. H.

*Captain*, I. L. Sharfinan.

*Lieutenant*, E. L. Currier.

*Lieutenant*, J. G. Breslin.

*Sergeants*, E. E. Wise, P. L. Dillon, W.  
N. Moffett, H. C. Mowlin, (unappointed).

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# N O T E S

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Two years ago, there was published, just before Thanksgiving, a pamphlet containing yells and songs to be used during the game with English High. The classification of the yells in that pamphlet has been the standard since then, and bids fair to remain so. The yells are good, and there are enough of them, but we want some new songs. The three songs in the pamphlet were available for the Thanksgiving game only. What we need is a few songs available for all games, set to good marching tunes that everybody knows. Last year, of all the new songs printed, not one could be used except at Thanksgiving. This year, why not use the old yells and have some songs that will be good for the whole football season? THE REGISTER offers the following, and will be glad to print in the November issue any good ones that may be sent in:—

[Tune of "A Hot Time in the Old Town."]

Yell, yell, yell, we'll surely win the game!  
Where'er we go we win out just the same.  
See our boys go crashing through the line,  
There'll be a hot time in Boston to-night.

First Boy:— "What's Cy Young's full name?"

Second Boy:—"Why, Cyrus the Younger, of course."

Colonel Shanahan is studying at Middlebury University, Vermont.

Hanley is showing up remarkably well as a candidate for full-back on the 'Varsity, and he should get his H this year.

## TO MY LADY.

Oft in the stilly watches of the night

My heart of thee doth sing.

Oft in the stilly watches of the night

Sweet angels tokens bring

From thee, in person far away,

In spirit ever near.

So near, the accents of thy voice

Fall on my soul as clear

As tinklings of far-distant bells

On listening ear.

V. T. W., '04.

# Advertisements 19

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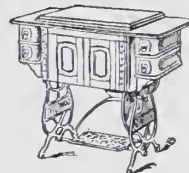
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Amount at Risk . . . . .	\$32,264,786.00
Cash Assets . . . . .	448,427.70
Deposit Notes . . . . .	520,658.08
Available Assets . . . . .	968,085.78
Total Liabilities . . . . .	288,409.64
Cash Surplus . . . . .	160,018.06
Gain in Surplus in 1902 . . . . .	19,248.21
Gain in Assets in 1902 . . . . .	61,487.74
Losses paid in 1902 . . . . .	63,755.32
Dividends paid in 1902 . . . . .	58,455.46
Amount at Risk increased in 1902 . . . . .	1,956,926 00

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